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SONGS FROM THE VALLEY:

OR

The Valley of Vision,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By Harriet Cole, Milton, Queen's Co.

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Introduction.

GENTLE READER,

The writer of the following poems is one of the Lord's afflicted children, who for many years has been suffering from entire nervous prostration, with scarcely sufficient strength to walk across her room. I may say that the pieces were composed while reclining on the sick couch, and written by her sister at the author's dictation. Her hopes of recovery have long since fled, and she beguiles her lonely hours by trying to cheer her fellow pilgrims for the land where they never say "I am sick," by composing and publishing such "songs" &c. as are found in the following pages. In reading them I would ask the reader to

"Be to their faults a little blind
And to their virtues wondrous kind,"

for in her own words which now lie before me she says :
"I have not known for years what it was to be free from suffering:" adding, "but I have not borne my burdens alone." He who has said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' has been ever near, and leaning on His strong arm, I have been sustained through many a trying year. 'He does all things well,' and 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'"

Several of the pieces have already appeared in the *Christian Messenger* and other papers. It was with difficulty the author was persuaded to publish her first piece entitled "The end of the Way," but finding it was *actually printed* and favorably received, which she did not expect, she was encouraged to proceed further. And should the reader feel when he has read the book like pronouncing it one book too many, let no blame whatever be allowed to fall on the author, who rather discouraged its publication—but let it all rest entirely on

J. BROWN.

Paradise, Jan., 1879.

Preface.

Although I offer this little book to the public, I am aware that the eye of the critic will see much in it to condemn. Those who take it up expecting to find perfection will be disappointed. The romantic and imaginative will look in vain for the lofty flights of fancy, or the brilliant descriptions which are found in the poems of popular writers : such, I cannot hope to interest. But I know there are many others in this world of care and sorrow patiently and faithfully performing the duties, and bearing the crosses which their Heavenly Father lays upon them ; but who, nevertheless, have their seasons of discouragement and depression, and are always glad to receive words of comfort and hope. For such I humbly trust these little songs will have some interest ; if so, I shall feel they have not been written in vain.

I send them forth earnestly hoping and praying that God would let his blessing rest upon them ; without this they will be useless. Should they be the means of cheering any pilgrim along the journey of life, it would give me great joy ; and I should feel more than repaid for any effort I have put forth.

HARRIET COLE.

Milton, Queens Co., N. S.

Address to the Author.

BY REV. J. CLARK, DARTMOUTH, N. S.

Sing on sweet singer ! Earth hath need of all
The songs that consecrated hearts and lips
Can sing. Amid the cares and jarring sounds
Of this sad world of ours, such words as thine
Fall on our listening ears like sweet stray notes
From angels' harps in that bright blissful Home,
Where music ever soundeth, and God's praise
Is sung for aye.

As oft sweet birds of song
Are placed within the prisoning bars, that thus
Their voices might be trained to higher melodies
And notes more musical than these which came
From their frail, throbbing breasts before ; so God,
In boundless love and wisdom, hath thought best,
To keep from thee all outward liberty,
And grant instead far higher freedom—even
Liberty of soul.

Sing on, frail singer !
Sing on. And let us hear from time to time, well pleased,
Fresh echoes of those heavenly sounds which float
Through all thy soul, like lofty strains which fill
Some sacred temple, and fall faintly on
The world without.

Sing on below. And soon
God's love shall find for thee some noble part,
In that grand anthem which the ransomed sing
For ever, as they stand around His Throne.

1. The first group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the United States are the people who are interested in the history of the United States.

1950年12月15日

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Dedication.....	9
The Valley of Vision.....	10
The End of the Way.....	11
The Request.....	13
The Missing Group.....	14
Johnny's Return from Sea.....	16
The Mother's Soliloquy.....	21
The Tempted Soul.....	23
The Flower Lesson.....	25
The Resting Place.....	26
The Sunset.....	28
The Violet.....	29
Go to the Drunkard.....	31
The Sabbath Bell.....	33
Thoughts of Summer.....	35
Almost Home.....	37
Come to Church.....	39
Lines to Temperance Workers.....	41
Lines on Tobacco.....	42
Polite Lies.....	44
The Tangled Skein.....	46
The Wounded Soldier's Letter.....	47
The Christian's Deathbed.....	49
Saturday Night.....	51
A Christmas Song.....	53
Grandmother's Thoughts.....	55
Taste not the Wine.....	57
Lines to Mrs. D.....	59
Lines to the Rev. J. A. D.....	60
Lines to the Rev. & Mrs. J. B.....	61
A Talk with the Children.....	63
The Saviour's Promises.....	65
Consolation for the Bereaved.....	66
Sowing and Reaping.....	68
To a Sin-burdened Soul.....	70
Thoughts at Twilight.....	71
A Visit to the Throne of Grace.....	72
The Call of the Master.....	74
The Home of my Childhood.....	75
Lines to an Invalid.....	77
Lines to a Little Girl on going to a New Home.....	78
The Drunkard's Wife.....	79
To a Blackslider.....	81
Support in Affliction.....	82
Our Darling.....	84
Lines on a Sabbath School Teacher.....	85
Read to me from the Bible.....	87
A Prayer for God's Servants.....	88
A Prayer for a Revival.....	89
Longings.....	90
Little Eddie's Last Words.....	91
I'm thinking of Jesus.....	93

CONTENTS

1	The Problem of the Future
2	The Problem of the Past
3	The Problem of the Present
4	The Problem of the Future
5	The Problem of the Past
6	The Problem of the Present
7	The Problem of the Future
8	The Problem of the Past
9	The Problem of the Present
10	The Problem of the Future
11	The Problem of the Past
12	The Problem of the Present
13	The Problem of the Future
14	The Problem of the Past
15	The Problem of the Present
16	The Problem of the Future
17	The Problem of the Past
18	The Problem of the Present
19	The Problem of the Future
20	The Problem of the Past
21	The Problem of the Present
22	The Problem of the Future
23	The Problem of the Past
24	The Problem of the Present
25	The Problem of the Future
26	The Problem of the Past
27	The Problem of the Present
28	The Problem of the Future
29	The Problem of the Past
30	The Problem of the Present
31	The Problem of the Future
32	The Problem of the Past
33	The Problem of the Present
34	The Problem of the Future
35	The Problem of the Past
36	The Problem of the Present
37	The Problem of the Future
38	The Problem of the Past
39	The Problem of the Present
40	The Problem of the Future
41	The Problem of the Past
42	The Problem of the Present
43	The Problem of the Future
44	The Problem of the Past
45	The Problem of the Present
46	The Problem of the Future
47	The Problem of the Past
48	The Problem of the Present
49	The Problem of the Future
50	The Problem of the Past
51	The Problem of the Present
52	The Problem of the Future
53	The Problem of the Past
54	The Problem of the Present
55	The Problem of the Future
56	The Problem of the Past
57	The Problem of the Present
58	The Problem of the Future
59	The Problem of the Past
60	The Problem of the Present
61	The Problem of the Future
62	The Problem of the Past
63	The Problem of the Present
64	The Problem of the Future
65	The Problem of the Past
66	The Problem of the Present
67	The Problem of the Future
68	The Problem of the Past
69	The Problem of the Present
70	The Problem of the Future
71	The Problem of the Past
72	The Problem of the Present
73	The Problem of the Future
74	The Problem of the Past
75	The Problem of the Present
76	The Problem of the Future
77	The Problem of the Past
78	The Problem of the Present
79	The Problem of the Future
80	The Problem of the Past
81	The Problem of the Present
82	The Problem of the Future
83	The Problem of the Past
84	The Problem of the Present
85	The Problem of the Future
86	The Problem of the Past
87	The Problem of the Present
88	The Problem of the Future
89	The Problem of the Past
90	The Problem of the Present
91	The Problem of the Future
92	The Problem of the Past
93	The Problem of the Present
94	The Problem of the Future
95	The Problem of the Past
96	The Problem of the Present
97	The Problem of the Future
98	The Problem of the Past
99	The Problem of the Present
100	The Problem of the Future

Dedication.

Dear Lord, this little book of mine,
I dedicate to Thee ;
Thou wilt not spurn the gift, I know,
Imperfect though it be.

I'm but a sinner weak and poor,
But still my spirit longs
Thy name to praise and glorify,
Through these imperfect songs.

O let Thy blessing on them rest,
And as they go abroad,
Cause them to comfort weary hearts,
I pray Thee, gracious Lord.

Thou know'st it is not my desire
To win an empty name ;
'Twould be no joy to me, I know,
To gather worldly fame.

But glad and thankful I shall be,
If it to me is given
To cheer some weary hearts along
The pleasant path to Heaven.

Lord, grant the boon I humbly pray,
For which my spirit longs ;
To Thee alone I dedicate
This little book of songs.

The Valley of Vision.

I stood in the valley of vision,
 A saw a crowd go by ;
 They all were hurried and anxious,
 And I greatly wondered why.
 So I called to one who was passing
 With quick and eager tread,
 And spoke of what had perplexed me,
 And these were the words I said,—

“You’re up in the morning early,
 And late to bed at night ;
 Thinking, planning, contriving,
 And working with all your might.
 You hurry backward and forward,
 In the midst of rain and sun ;
 And your thoughts are often busy
 When the work of the day is done.

Now answer me, fellow pilgrim,
 As a token of kind regard ;
 What is it that so attracts you,
 And makes you toil so hard ?”
 Then methought a number of voices
 Answered back instead of one,
 “We are striving for all the riches
 We can gather under the sun.”

I answered in tones of sadness,—
 “Are there none with hearts of love
 Who are striving to lay up treasures
 In that happy land above ?”
 Then arose a feeble murmur
 Of voices here and there,
 “Yes some of us have treasures
 Beyond this world of care.

We belong to the King's blest household,
 The household of faith and love ;
 We are heirs to a princely fortune,
 And it lies in the land above.
 No thieves can e'er molest it,
 It is safe for ever more ;
 And we hope to enjoy its splendour
 When we leave this mortal shore."

Then I said, "These words sound sweetly,
 I believe they all are true ;
 But why are earth's money-seekers
 So much more in earnest than you ?
 The King has but few in His service
 And those few not half awake ;
 Had they but the zeal of the worldlings
 How the kingdom of darkness would shake.

'Tis no wonder that Satan advances
 And scatters envy and strife ;
 When so languid, cold, and formal,
 Are the heirs of eternal life ;
 You and I must to work, my brothers !
 There's a great deal needs to be done,
 We'll get all that we can to join us
 And work till the victory's won."

The End of the Way.

My life is a wearisome journey,
 I'm sick with the dust and the heat ;
 The rays of the sun beat upon me ;
 The briars are wounding my feet.
 But the city to which I am going
 Will more than my trials repay ;
 All the toils of the road will seem nothing
 When I get to the end of the way.

There so many hills to climb upwards,
 I often am longing for rest ;
 But He who appoints me my pathway
 Knows just what is needful and best :
 I know in His Word He has promised
 That my strength shall be as my day,
 And the toils of the road will seem nothing
 When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
 Or give me one trial too much ;
 All His people have been dearly purchased,
 And Satan can never claim such.
 By and by I shall see Him and praise Him
 In the land of unending day :
 O the toils of the road will seem nothing
 When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am weary and footsore,
 I shall rest when I'm safely at home,
 I know I'll receive a glad welcome
 For the Saviour Himself has said, " Come."
 So whenever my trials seem heavy,
 And I'm sinking in spirit I say,
 " All the toils of the road will seem nothing
 When I get to the end of the way."

When the last feeble step has been taken,
 And the gates of the city appear :
 And the beautiful songs of the angels,
 Float out on my listening ear ;
 Then all that now seems so mysterious,
 Will be plain and clear as the day,
 Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing
 When I get to the end of the way.

Cool fountains are there for the thirsty,
 And cordials for those who are faint,
 And robes that are whiter and purer
 Than any that fancy can paint.
 Then I'll try to pass hopefully onward,
 Thinking often through each weary day ;
 The toils of the road will seem nothing
 When I get to the end of the way.

The Request.

You've asked me to sing you a soothing song,
 Because the day has been sad and long ;
 I would fain some joy and comfort bring
 Now what would you like to have me sing ?

Shall it be a song of summer hours,
 Of birds, and trees, and shady bowers,
 Soft balmy airs, and cloudless skies
 And murmuring bees and butterflies ?

Or shall it be something wild, and grand,
 That happened once in some distant land,
 Or some song that tells of the dark blue sea,
 And the ships that sail on its waters free ?

Or would you prefer a merrier strain,
 To bring a smile to your face again,
 Something that tells of mirth and fun,
 Some witty thing that's been said or done ?

" Nay ! friend all these I must refuse,
 For different indeed are the songs I choose :
 I should like you to sing of the wonderful love,
 That brought the Saviour down from above.

Sing of the promises He has made
 To all whose hopes on Him are staid :
 Of the throne of grace, where His children plead
 For the mercy and help they so much need.

Sing of the love that guards our way,
 As we travel along from day to day ;
 Or give me a song of that land so sweet,
 Where we'll rest at last our tired feet.

Where we'll feel no more life's heavy cares,
 Or be led astray by the tempter's snares ;
 Sing of the spotless robes up there,
 And the shining crowns that we hope to wear.

Sing of the angels before the throne,
 Who offer their praise to God alone ;
 Such strains will my weary spirit rest,
 For those are the songs that I love best."

The Missing Group.

My heart has a group of loved ones
 To whom I have said, "Farewell,"
 And I miss the joy of their presence
 Far more than words can tell.
 Some of them still are living,
 Although they are far away ;
 And some in the quiet church-yard
 Peacefully rest to-day.

Some on the world's rough highways,
 Are scattering Gospel seeds ;
 Alternately sowing and reaping,
 Or trying to pluck the weeds.
 Some have locks that are black and shining,
 Some have grey hairs here and there,
 Some have eyes that are dark and piercing,
 While others are soft and clear.

Sometimes when friends are talking
 I seem but to see the smile
 On the face of some absent dear one,
 Who is in my thoughts the while.
 I hear again loved voices,
 And the songs they used to sing :
 O'er my heart's deep secret chambers
 Their holy memories fling.

But oftener still in the evening
 When the weary day is done,
 My heart gathers up its treasures
 And views them one by one.
 And I think till my thoughts o'ercome me,
 And I cry out in bitter pain
 "O come back, dear friends, I pray you,
 O when will you come again ?

But why should I grieve so sadly ?
 I shall meet on the other shore
 Those whom I love now living,
 And those who have gone before.
 They have each received the Saviour,
 And chosen Him for their Friend ;
 So I'll meet them all in Heaven
 When this toilsome life shall end.

But first ere a word I utter
 To the friends of former days,
 I will fall at the feet of the Saviour,
 And offer my song of praise.
 I'll thank Him for all His mercy
 That redeemed my soul from sin,
 That brought me safe to Heaven,
 And bid me enter in.

And then I will turn to my loved ones,
 And shaking each by the hand—
 We'll talk of our joys together

As we roam through the heavenly land.
 Then I'll tell them how I missed them
 Since first they went away,
 And then I'll stop and listen
 To hear what they have to say.

And 'twill seem as I view their faces,
 As though they had never died ;
 But had only been carried over
 To their home on the other side.
 But sweet as will be that meeting,
 'Twill be sweeter Christ's love to share ;
 In the midst of all those loved ones
 I should sorrow if He were not there.

Johnny's Return from Sea.

A STORY IN VERSE.

The good old people were failing,
 And their heads were getting gray ;
 And they seemed to grow more feeble,
 After Johnny went away.
 Their hearts were sad at parting
 For an only son was he :
 But the mother said, " When winter comes,
 Then Johnny 'll return from sea."

At first he sent home money,
 For he loved his parents well ;
 And always wrote kind letters,
 And had something new to tell.
 But at last his pen grew silent,
 What could the matter be ?
 But his mother still said, " When winter comes,
 Then Johnny 'll return from sea."

But the winter brought not Johnny
 To the little cottage home ;
 O was he on earth a wanderer ?
 Or beneath the ocean's foam ?
 Friends gathered round the parents,
 And were kind as they could be,
 And every one was anxious
 For Johnny to come from sea.

And the Summer came and faded.
 And Autumn days drew near ;
 But no tidings of their dear one
 Could the anxious parents hear ;
 But at morning and evening, daily,
 Together they bowed the knee,
 And asked the God of Heaven,
 To bring Johnny home from sea.

Again the winter snow lay thick
 Upon the frozen ground,
 The wind moaned round the cottage
 With a sad and dreary sound.
 The mother still seemed cheerful,
 But the father said, " Ah me !
 I am growing old and feeble,
 I wish Johnny would come from sea."

The old man tried to labour,
 But he often had to rest ;
 And he loved to sit and ponder
 In his old arm chair the best.
 And he often murmured sadly—
 " What can the matter be ?
 The seasons keep returning,
 Why don't Johnny come from sea."

The mother was always hopeful :
 She could never quite despair ;
 For she felt that her Heavenly Father
 Had Johnny safe in His care.

And she prayed with faith and patience—

“Lord, if such thy will may be,
O grant my heart’s petition
And bring Johnny home from sea.”

One night the fire burned brightly,
The work of the house was done ;
The mother sat with her knitting,
Thinking about her absent son.
Some hours went by in silence,
And then looking up said she,
“I believe that very shortly
Our Johnny ’ll return from sea.”

“Ah mother,” the old man answered,
“You have stronger faith than I,
I’m afraid we’ll never see him,”
And he heaved a troubled sigh.
“Have courage,” said the mother,
“Our prayers will answered be :
I believe that God will shortly,
Bring Johnny home from sea.”

“Well mother,” the old man answered,
“Get the Bible overthere,
And I’ll read our evening chapter
Then I’ll try to offer prayer.”
He read of the “many mansions,”
Then bowed his trembling knee,
And cried—“O Lord I pray thee,
Bring Johnny home from sea.”

We know not Heavenly Father,
Where he may be to-night :
But everything is clearly
Lord open to thy sight ;
We come like wrestling Jacob,
And humbly plead with thee,
O hear us in thy mercy,
And bring Johnny home from sea.”

There came a sound like weeping,
 Just outside the cottage door ;
 O was it the wild wind moaning ?
 Or only the river's roar ?
 The father did not hear it,
 Still went up his earnest plea :—
 " O Lord in tender mercy
 Bring Johnny home from sea."

The mother too was praying
 Within her secret soul ;
 A burden weighed upon her,
 And she told the Lord the whole.
 And she felt that He was listening ;
 And her guide would ever be,
 And in answer to her pleadings,
 Would bring Johnny home from sea.

At length there came a silence,
 The father's prayer was o'er,
 And with hearts subdued and tender
 He arose and paced the floor.
 But why did his cheek grow pallid ?
 Who could yon stripling be
 Who opened the door so softly ?
 'Twas Johnny returned from sea.

" Praise God," exclaimed the father,
 " I shall thank Him all my days,
 He has heard my earnest pleadings,
 How wonderful are His ways.
 You said not long ago, mother,
 ' Our prayers would answered be,'
 And your faith is now rewarded,
 For Johnny's got home from sea."

The mother's tears were falling,
 She could not speak for joy :
 But she felt that God had blessed her,
 In bringing back her boy.

He had grown so tall, and manly,
 O could it really be
 That this was her own darling,
 Her Johnny returned from sea?

As the youth looked at his mother,
 She seemed so worn and weak ;
 That his heart was stirred within him
 And he kissed her sunken cheek.
 " Dear mother, weep no longer,
 Come dry your tears," said he,
 " Your troubles all are over
 Now your Johnny's got home from sea."

The old folks sat till midnight
 While he told his story o'er ;
 He had gone through many hardships,
 And been wrecked on a foreign shore ;
 His sufferings there were fearful,
 " And often I thought," said he,
 " That never again to cheer you
 Would your Johnny return from sea."

But I've been spared in mercy,
 To meet you both once more ;
 And I'll care for your wants, dear parents,
 Till your days on earth are o'er.
 You have borne some heavy burdens,
 Now let them fall on me,
 And sit down and rest in comfort,
 For your Johnny's got home from sea."

And thus the shadow was lifted
 From that little cottage home ;
 That night was but a foretaste
 Of the happy hours to come.
 The old man sat in the corner,
 As pleased as a child was he ;
 And the mother's smile grew brighter
 After Johnny got home from sea.

This simple tale, kind reader,
 Is happening every day ;
 There are many just such Johnnies,
 Who have gone from their homes away.
 And there's many a parent praying
 " Lord, if such thy will may be,
 O grant my heart's petition
 And bring Johnny home from sea."

The Mother's Soliloquy.

The mother sat in the kitchen,
 One pleasant summer day ;
 Mending a little jacket,
 That was faded, old, and gray.
 Her face was pale and weary,
 But still her needle flew ;
 For in her numerous household,
 There was always work to do.

" I'm tired of care and labour,"
 At last she sadly said,
 " Who would work for the children
 I wonder, if I were dead.
 There's Tommy, and Annie, and Benny,
 And Lotty, and little Joe ;
 What the future has for each one,
 Is not for me to know.

Grave Tommy is fond of study,
 And says he would like to preach ;
 While Annie, the little beauty,
 Has a great desire to teach.
 And Benny, the roguish urchin,
 Says, a doctor he will be,
 While Lotty and Joe are eager
 Some distant land to see.

When I seek their beds at evening,
 And find them sleeping there ;
 The tears rise quick to my eyelids,
 And I breathe for them a prayer.
 I ask the Heavenly Shepherd
 To bless them with His love,
 And give them each a mansion.
 In the happy home above.

I gather them all around me
 And talk to them every day
 About the path of evil
 And the strait and narrow way.
 But by and by they'll leave me
 For the outer world of strife ;
 They'll think, and plan, and labour,
 For such is human life.

O then, I hope each lesson
 They have learned beside my knee,
 Will be a star to guide them
 O'er life's dark and stormy sea.
 I trust they will remember
 Many things that I have said,
 When the tempter tries to urge them
 The paths of sin to tread.

And when they leave the homestead,
 They will take their mother's prayers ;
 And I hope that they will keep them
 From many dangerous snares,
 I know that they are precious
 In their Heavenly Father's sight ;
 And I feel that I can trust Him
 To guide their steps aright.

I'll wait with faith and patience,
 Till they heed his loving call ;
 I've prayed for them so often,
 I'm sure He'll save them all.

And when at last His people
 Have all reached the city fair—
 I trust that through His mercy
 I shall meet my darlings there.

The Tempted Soul.

Don't drink that glass of liquor,
 'Twill steal your brains away,
 There's shame and misery in it,
 O taste it not, I pray !
 The tempter's voice is calling,
 But heed not, I implore ;
 Come sign the pledge, and keep it,
 And be a man once more.

"I cannot leave off drinking,
 To urge me is in vain :
 I feel its degradation,
 But still I can't refrain,
 All my broken resolutions
 Rise before me one by one,
 My soul is bound with fetters
 And I feel that I'm undone.

I know all you can tell me,
 I've heard it o'er and o'er,
 I've struggled hard for freedom
 But I shall strive no more.
 Sometimes for weeks together
 From liquor I abstain,
 Then my appetite o'ereomes me,
 And I go and drink again.

When I left my tender mother,
 I took her hand in mine ;
 And made a solemn promise
 N'er to touch the sparkling wine.

But I've yielded to temptation,
 My feet have turned aside,
 And I've been a great transgressor
 Since I left her loving side.

I feel my case is hopeless,
 No earthly power can save,
 I expect to go on drinking
 Till I fill a drunkard's grave.
 My soul is full of anguish,
 I know my sin is great,
 But still I can't resist it,
 So leave me to my fate."

Say not your case is hopeless,
 The Saviour sees your woe,
 Tho' your sins may be as scarlet,
 He can make them white as snow.
 Oh go and fall before Him,
 In humble earnest prayer,
 And He will break your fetters,
 And save you from despair.

He pities your condition,
 He died that you might live ;
 Tho' you have grieved Him deeply,
 He is ready to forgive.
 Then go and seek His mercy,
 Your burden on Him roll,
 He will n'er reject the pleading
 Of a tried and tempted soul.

He whose power is everlasting,
 The tempter's snare can break ;
 Then enlist beneath his banner,
 And your sinful ways forsake.
 If you fight the battle bravely,
 Soon the victory will be won :
 For Christ's strength shall be made perfect
 In your weakness, tempted one.

Say not your case is hopeless,
 For many a slave of drink
 Has sought the help of Jesus
 And been saved from ruin's brink.
 Then do not be discouraged,
 But go this very hour,
 And ask the Lord to save you
 From temptation's fatal power.

The Flower Lesson.

On my wearisome couch I feebly lay,
 Lonely and sad one stormy day ;
 Counting each long and tedious hour,
 When a friend came in and brought a flower.

It looked so sweet, and fresh, and fair,
 My heart was lifted from its care ;
 It brightened the rest of the dreary day,
 For it seemed to me I heard it say—

“ Your Heavenly Father has sent me here,
 Your sad and drooping heart to cheer ;
 Just take a look at my yellow eye,
 Whenever you feel disposed to sigh.

I know I'm only a delicate flower,
 But still I show my Maker's power.
 I've been by Him preserved alive,
 And made to bud, and bloom, and thrive.

He who thus on a flower has smiled,
 Will not forget His weary child ;
 Then trust His love from day to day
 However dark may be your way.

His plans are hidden from mortal sight,
 But then you know they are always right.
 Yield not to gloom for He loves you well,
 He has sent me here this truth to tell.

Though painful the cross you have to bear,
 Jesus is ready its weight to share ;
 And heavier far was the cross He bore
 When He suffered upon this mortal shore.

Though trials around your path may fall,
 Let not the tempter your heart appall ;
 But strive to do God's holy will,
 And never forget that He loves you still.

When your weary days on earth are o'er,
 You then will go home to the Heavenly shore ;
 And 'sorrow and sighing shall flee away'
 When you enter the land of eternal day."

The Resting Place.

"Come unto me . . . I will give you rest."

Dear Father in Heaven, look down upon me,
 The world is all dark, but I'm trusting in Thee ;
 I bring Thee a burden of sorrow and sin,
 Forgive me and make me more holy within.
 O gather me close to Thy kind, loving breast,
 I've come to thee Father for pardon and rest.

I've knelt at thy mercy-throne often before
 My sins to confess and thy grace to implore ;
 But still thou hast never once turned me away,
 Nor to my heart's pleadings and longings said,
 "Nay."

Now gather me close to thy kind, loving breast,
 I find nowhere else such sweet comfort and rest.

I know I'm a wayward and wandering child,
 And often by Satan allured and beguiled ;
 But when I have grieved thee, my soul is cast down,
 For I cannot be happy while under thy frown.
 O gather me close to thy kind, loving breast,
 Thou knowest how much I am longing for rest.

I deserve to be driven away from thy side,
 But this is my plea, "The Saviour has died ;"
 Thou wilt not refuse what I ask for his sake,
 Nor suffer my heart that is contrite to break.
 O gather me close to thy kind, loving breast,
 'Tis the refuge I seek when my spirit wants rest.

Thou art my Supporter, my Guide, and my Friend,
 I know thou wilt carry me safe to the end ;
 A song of thanksgiving my spirit would raise
 For the mercy that ever has followed my days.
 O gather me close to thy kind, loving breast,
 I've many dear friends, but thee I love best.

If thou art my Father, and I am thy child,
 The conflicts of life may be ever so wild ;
 I still shall be safe in thy heavenly care,
 And thy goodness and mercy I ever shall share.
 O gather me close to thy kind, loving breast,
 'Tis the place for a child that is weary to rest.

And when thou shalt call me to yield up my breath,
 And pass "through the valley and shadow of death ;"
 O grant that my hope may be steadfast and clear,
 Disturbed by no shadow of sorrow or fear.
 Then gather me close to thy kind, loving breast,
 And let me enjoy there the sweetness of rest.

O how glad I shall be when I reach the bright shore
 Where I never can wander away from Thee more ;
 I'll feast on thy love in that beautiful place
 And gaze with delight on the smiles of thy face.
 Thou wilt gather me then to thy kind, loving breast,
 And make me to know the full meaning of rest.

The Sunset.

'Tis the peaceful hour of sunset,
 The hour that I love best ;
 For it brings to my drooping spirit
 Sweet thoughts of the Land of Rest.
 I'm weary and weak in body,
 For I'm living in constant pain ;
 The strength of my youth is broken,
 And will never return again.

But the beams of this sweet sunset,
 Shining into my quiet room,
 Beguiles my heart for a season,
 And drives away its gloom.
 Heavenly Father let thy Spirit
 With a beam of love descend,
 And fill my soul, I pray thee,
 With a joy that never shall end.

And when my short life is ended
 May its end be calm and sweet,
 As the beams of this parting sunset,
 So radiant and complete.
 Lower the sun is sinking,
 He will soon be out of sight ;
 What robes of light and beauty
 The clonds have on to-night !

Perhaps they are beams of glory
 Shining out from heaven's gate ;
 Or the angels' smiles reflected
 That around the Father wait.
 Ah ! the last beam now has faded,
 The twilight steals along ;
 Hark ! what is that in the distance ?
 It sounds like an evening song.

I rise and look from the window,
 But I see no singers there ;
 Still the notes of a song that's perfect
 Are borne on the evening air.
 Perhaps 'tis some kind angel,
 Sent down for a little while
 To cheer my weary spirit
 And my thoughts from pain beguile.

There,—the last sweet notes of the music
 Are fading into the night,
 While slumber a web is weaving
 Slowly over my sight.
 O sleep, thou art very welcome,
 I pray thee to tarry long,
 And bring one dream to my spirit
 Of the sunset and the song.

As long as I wander a pilgrim
 Over this mortal shore,
 My heart will treasure the picture
 Of this calm and peaceful hour.
 And when I get home to Heaven
 And gaze on its walls so bright,
 I think I'll remember clearly
 The sunset sky to-night.

The Violet.

All flowers to my sight are refreshing,
 And thoughts that are cheering bring ;
 But the dearest to me is the violet,—
 The beautiful child of the Spring.

Others may choose from the garden
 A flower of gayer hue,
 That is carefully nursed and tended,
 But give me the violet blue.

When the winter snows have melted
 I watch for the flower I love ;
 For it seems like a tender message
 From the beautiful land above.

For He who has made the violet
 To bloom in the fields so fair,
 Has given a child of affliction
 A place in His love and care.

And while I admire its beauty,
 His goodness I call to mind ;
 And many a lesson of hope and love,
 In the modest flower I find.

I think when my days are ended,
 And I'm laid with the sleeping dead ;
 I should like to have the sweet violet
 To grow o'er my lowly bed.

And I'd like to have friends to go there,
 And think as it meets their eyes,
 Of my home with Christ and the angels,
 Beyond the bright blue skies.

Does my favorite flower, I wonder
 Bloom in the land of light ?
 Should I find it when I arrive there,
 How much I'd enjoy the sight !

O yes, when I'm called to Heaven,
 And have done with this cold world's strife:
 I should like to find the sweet violet
 On the banks of the river of life.

O I love to talk of its beauty,
 For its charms are always new,
 And I doubt sometimes if in Eden
 There was anything sweeter grew.

All flowers to my sight are refreshing,
 But my thoughts the most fondly cling
 To the dear little modest violet,
 The beautiful child of the Spring.

Go to the Drunkard.

Go to the drunkard, degraded and low,
 And strive to reclaim him from mis'ry and woe ;
 Hold out to the lost, the kind, brotherly hand,
 Lift him out of the gutter, and help him to stand.
 Let it never be said, fellow christian, I pray,
 That you sought not to win him from ruin's broad way.

Though often he staggers along in the street,
 With a trembling frame and tottering feet :
 And fills the pure air with his curses so wild,
 Remember he once was an innocent child.
 On his young face was printed full many a kiss,
 And no one then thought he would e'er come to this.

And it may be, O christian, a mother once tried
 To lead his young feet to the Saviour's blest side.
 Perchance, ere the red wine his lips learned to quaff,
 He was to his father a comfort and staff.
 And, it may be, a sister still offers up prayer
 That he may be rescued from sin and despair.

But perhaps you will say now, "If these things are so
 How then could he ever have fallen so low ?"
 Alas ! fellow christian, you do not know all
 The temptations he met with that led him to fall.
 His folly and danger now plainly he sees,
 But he fell not at once, no, *he fell by degrees.*

But though here and there by the evil one tossed,
 His case is not hopeless, he need not be lost ;
 The kind arms of mercy are still open wide,
 And for him, even him, the dear Saviour has died.
 Then go to him, christian, and tell him the story,
 Of Him who for sinners once left Heaven's glory.

Tell him though now he is poor and forlorn,
 And the gay world is pointing the finger of scorn ;
 Still he can be saved from his sin and despair
 If he go to the Saviour in penitent prayer.
 Tell him you know he can be a free man,
 And you will assist him as far as you can.

Give him work then, and let not your sympathy
 wane,
 If he fall—O forgive him ! and try him again ;
 If you turn from him, christian, with scorn and
 disgust,
 And leave him to grovel and die in the dust :
 And sneer at his folly and danger abroad
 You cannot escape the just wrath of the Lord.

You have reason to fear, if such pride in you lurks ;
 If a christian in heart "show your faith by your
 works."

Were it not for God's mercy you might be to-day,
 Just like those poor creatures whose feet are astray.
 Then go to the drunkard degraded and low,
 And strive to reclaim him from misery and woe.

The Sabbath Bell.

The Sabbath bell is giving
 It's clear and earnest call,
 "O come to the house of God"
 It seems to say to all.
 "Come,—christian,—come,
 Throw worldly cares aside,
 Come,—sinner,—come,
 I will not be denied.
 Come, come, come, away,
 Come to the house of God to-day.

Come raise your hearts and voices,
 In a cheerful song of praise
 To the God of earth and Heaven,
 For the mercies of your days.

Come,—Christian,—come,
 'Tis just the place for you.
 Come,—sinner,—come,
 With motive pure and true,
 Come, come, come, away,
 Come to the house of God to-day.

Come bow before your Father
 In humble, fervent prayer;
 Confess your sins and thank Him
 For His protecting care.
 Come,—Christian—come,
 To you it will be sweet,
 Come,—sinner,—come,
 You'll always find a seat.
 Come, come, come, away.
 Come to the house of God to-day.

Come listen to the Gospel,
 And with earnest spirit seek
 To treasure up some lesson
 To think of through the week.
 Come,—Christian,—come,
 Your soul is needing food,
 Come, sinner, come,
 I'm sure 'twill do you good,
 Come, come, come, away
 Come to the house of God to-day.

Come out to church, good people,
 I've called you many a year,
 And still to-day I'm ready
 To welcome each one here.
 Come,—Christian,—come,
 Improve this sacred hour,
 Come, sinner, come,
 And seek the Spirit's power,
 Come, come, come, away,
 Come to the house of God to-day.

Come—time is swiftly passing,
 Soon your Sabbaths will be o'er,
 Soon death will come and take you
 Where you'll hear my voice no more.
 Come,—Christian,—come,
 O heed my earnest call,
 Come, sinner, come
 My message is to all,
 Come, come, come, away,
 Come to the house of God to-day.

Thoughts of Summer.

O summer ! thy face is enchanting,
 My heart gives a welcome to thee.
 Thou hast brought back the birds and the flowers,
 And painted the leaves on the tree ;
 The earth in thy gifts is rejoicing,
 Sweet summer, what hast thou for me ?

I cannot roam now through the green-wood,
 Or stand by the clear, sparkling rill ;
 Or gather delicious, ripe berries,
 Or walk to the brow of the hill ;
 For the hand of disease is upon me,
 I must suffer each day, and " be still."

But I sit at the door of our cottage,
 Where thy beautiful form I can see ;
 I mark the quick tread of the passers,
 And hear their gay laughter and glee.
 Thou hast brought them bright days of enjoyment,
 O summer, what hast thou for me ?

I have brought thee sweet thoughts from my Maker,
 Of a better and happier land,
 Where free from all sorrow and sighing,
 Dwells a bright and glorified band,
 Who sing the glad song of redemption,
 As around the white throne they all stand.

The trees and the flowers here so lovely
 Must very soon wither away ;
 But the beauty of Heaven is lasting,
 And never can change or decay.
 And the Lord giveth light to His people,
 So they need not the sun's cheering ray.

Could'st thou catch but a glimpse of the glory
 Now lying beyond the blue sky :
 Poor indeed would appear all my treasures,
 To thy raptured and wondering eye !
 And no trial that here thou canst meet with
 Would seem worth a tear or a sigh.

O summer ! thy voice is inspiring,
 It awakens the spirit of song ;
 I need all the aid thou can'st give me,
 To comfort and cheer me along ;
 For thoughts that are sad and depressing,
 Often come to my mind in a throng.

Still I know that our Heavenly Father,
 Who is Lord of the earth and the sea,
 Remembers each one of His children
 Whate'er their condition may be.
 If He notes e'en the fall of a sparrow,
 He surely will not forget me.

Though but little of earth in its beauty,
 Thus far in my life I have seen,
 I shall gaze on the Heavenly city
 By-and-by with no shadow between.
 There free from all sin and temptation,
 On the bosom of Christ I shall lean.

When my days here below are all ended,
 And my feet tread the Heavenly shore ;
 I shall drink in the fullness of pleasure
 And the name of the giver adore.
 I shall lay down my sufferings and sorrows
 To take them again never-more.

Almost Home.

I'm almost home, my darling—
 Only a few steps more—
 And I shall be with the Saviour
 On the beautiful shining shore.
 I've waited long for my summons,
 And my spirit feels no fear.
 Come, sit beside me dearest,
 For I think the end is near.
 I lay and watched the sun sink
 Last night in the rosy west,
 And then sleep came to my eyelids,
 And I dreamed of home and rest.

I'm almost home, my darling—
 I saw in my dream last night
 The glorious form of the Saviour
 In the land of joy and light !
 And the loving look He gave me,
 My heart can not forget,
 For 'twas balm to my weary spirit
 And the joy of it lingers yet.
 And He said as I knelt before Him—
 " Dear child, I've a crown for thee,
 Thy cross has been heavy and painful,
 Come now and reign with me,"

I'm almost home, my darling—
 And my spirit is glad to go :
 But you will be lonely without me,
 And miss me often, I know.
 You will be pressing onward
 O'er life's rough, toilsome way,
 While I shall be praising the Saviour,
 In the land of eternal day.
 But I know you'll not forget me,
 When I pass from your longing sight,
 You'll think of me often fondly
 At morning, at noon, and at night.

I'm almost home, my darling—
 I must leave each earthly tie :
 But do not grieve at the parting,
 For you'll follow me by-and-by.
 I'm going a little before you,
 For the Saviour calls me now ;
 Soon the breezes of Heaven will fan me,
 And cool my feverish brow.
 I'm now in the shadowy valley—
 And short is my feeble breath—
 But I'm going to a land, my dearest,
 Where I know there'll be no more death.

I'm almost home, my darling—
 But I shall be watching there
 To give you a joyful welcome
 When you enter that city so fair.
 O happy indeed will our hearts be,
 When amid the ransomed throng :
 We gaze on each other once more, love,
 And join in the glad new song.
 Let this thought then cheer you onward,
 When your heart with grief is tried,
 Our parting is not eternal—
 For we'll meet on the other side.

I'm almost home, my darling—
 My pulse is weak and slow—
 And I want you to kiss me, dearest,
 Once more before I go :
 And sing me a song to cheer me,
 Let it be some sacred lay,
 To waft my spirit upward
 To the land of unending day.
 This world is fading from me—
 My sufferings all are o'er
 I must leave you now—"Farewell, love :—
 'Till we meet on the other shore."

Come to Church.

Good wife, come go to church to-day ;
And hear God's servant preach and pray ;
The world has held our hearts too long,
And pride has grown up firm and strong,
We did not have fine clothes to wear,
And so we left the house of prayer.

We might have gone to church I know,
Had we desired to, long ago,
'Tis true our clothes were poor and mean,
But they were always neat and clean.
And God above looks at the heart
Far more than clothing, fine and smart.

I think I've known my duty long,
Tho' I have still pursued the wrong ;
I've lived for self, instead of God ;
And paths of sin and folly trod.
But since our only daughter died,
To be a better man I've tried.

Last night before I went to bed,
A chapter in God's book I read,
I had not turned its pages o'er
I think for twenty years or more,
And as I read how God hates sin,
I wished that I was pure within.

At last I knelt and tried to pray,
Though many words I could not say ;
And then I sat an hour or more
And thought my past life o'er and o'er,
And now for church I mean to start.
My clothes are better than my heart.

I'll tell you what I think, good wife,
 'Tis time we lived a different life :
 We both in years are getting on,
 Our time on earth will soon be gone.
 I know if we were called to die
 We're not prepared to dwell on high.

I feel that we've neglected God,
 And we have felt His chastening rod :
 Our darling child He called away
 Up to the land of endless day,
 That we might turn from things below,
 And seek His holy will to know.

I've thought a great deal, wife, of late,
 About my wicked sinful state ;
 I am resolved now, if I can,
 To try and be a christian man ;
 I want to find the narrow way,
 Dear wife, come go to church to-day.

Perhaps the preacher will tell us how
 We both can find the Saviour now ;
 I long to hear his lips explain
 The glorious gospel plain again,
 I hate my former godless life,
 I'm weary of its sin and strife.

And O I hope 'tis not too late
 For me to knock at mercy's gate ;
 I mean to seek the Saviour's face
 Till He bestows His pardoning grace ;
 I long to find the narrow way,
 Dear wife, come go to church to-day.

Lines to Temperance Workers.

Raise the temperance banner, brothers,
In the breeze O let it wave !
Let your watchward now be, "Forward !"
And be hopeful, firm, and brave.

Do not falter in the battle,
Till the victory you gain :
Do not quit the field, I pray you,
Till the demon, Rum, is slain.

God is on your side, my brothers,
Fear not darkness, cloud, or storm :
Through His help the weak and fallen
You can strengthen and reform.

Sisters, too, press on with courage,
Great the influence you can wield ;
You have helped your brothers nobly,
Still be active in the field.

Down with wine, and gin, and brandy,
Down with all that can enslave ;
Raise the temperance banner higher,
In the breeze O let it wave !

See, the foe begins to tremble !
Courage, brothers, onward press !
Sisters faint not 'mid the battle,
God your noble work will bless.

Dark has been the night and dreary,
But the day begins to break ;
And the foe you seek to vanish
Now begins to fear and quake.

May the dreadful scourge intemperance
 Soon be banished from our land :
 And may He whose power is boundless
 Bless each faithful temperance band.

Lines on Tobacco.

Boys,—don't you use Tobacco,
 For you will never find
 There's in it aught to strengthen
 Your body, or your mind.
 You don't appear more manly,
 When you puff along the street,
 And fill the air with the odour
 Of the weed you think so sweet.

It never will improve you,
 Or assist in any way ;
 The interests of the life, boys,
 You're living day by day.
 'Twill make you dull and drowsy,
 And give you constant thirst,
 And your health 'twill surely injure
 At last, if not at first.

And think of the money wasted,
 Upon the hurtful weed ;
 While the poor are all around you
 In their distress and need.
 If you would try to help them
 Through life's weary, toilsome day,
 'Twould be better far, than smoking
 Your precious hours away.

You might give something also
 The Gospel to sustain ;
 Volunteers are sadly needed
 And this makes your duty plain.

No longer waste your money,
 But spend it as you should ;
 And you then will feel the pleasure
 That comes from doing good.

God has placed you here to serve Him,
 And given you noble powers ;
 Do not abuse and waste them
 Through all your morning hours.
 You're just beginning to mingle
 With the world and its busy strife :
 And the habits you now are forming
 Will go with you all through life.

How important then it is boys,
 That you should start aright ;
 Ask the Lord for grace and wisdom
 And He'll guide you to the light.
 Ask Him to teach you daily,
 His pure and holy truth ;
 And keep your feet from falling,
 As you tread the path of youth.

What a solemn thing is life, boys,
 God gave the gift to you,
 That you might glorify Him
 And enjoy Him forever too ;
 Your hearts are prone to evil,
 O watch them then with care,
 And of foolish, idle habits,
 I beg you to beware.

No longer use Tobacco,
 Throw off its chains to-day ;
 And let your time and money
 Be spent in a better way.
 Be firm, and brave, and manly,
 And get every one you can
 To discard the weed forever,
 And come and try your plan.

Polite Lies.

Here comes old Aunt Violet,—
 I don't want to see her to-day,
 The house is all in confusion,
 I wish she had kept away :
 I'm out of cake and biscuit,
 And out of patience too,
 If she makes an all-day visit
 O dear what shall I do ?

I'll be sure to get a lecture
 On some solemn Bible truth :
 Or else she'll talk quite gravely
 Of my inexperienced youth ;
 There ! I believe she's knocking,—
 And I shall have to go
 And let her into the parlor,
 She'll be sure to stop, I know.

How do you do Aunt Violet ?
 Please walk right in this way ;
 Now take off your shawl and bonnet,
 I hope you have come to stay :
 Don't think of going further,
 You really must stop here,
 I shall be so disappointed
 If you don't, Aunt Violet dear.

I'll have a fire in a minute,
 And the room will soon get warm,
 The air seems damp and chilly,
 We're going to have a storm.
 I'm sure you're just as welcome,
 As the lovely flowers of May ;
 Take this easy chair Aunt Violet,
 I'm glad you're come to-day.

Now stop my friend, I pray you,
 You are adding sin to sin,
 Is not your conscience speaking
 With reproving voice within ?
 On that table over yonder
 Is a book you've often read,
 That tells of a daring couple
 Who for lying were struck dead.

And all through its sacred pages,
 You'll find this sin abhorred,
 By the Ruler of earth and Heaven,
 The Great and Omniscient Lord.
 All lies are abomination,
 In His pure and holy sight :
 But those who try to deal truly
 Are always His delight.

O, truth is a precious jewel !
 Its worth can ne'er be told,
 And its possessor has something
 That's better than silver or gold.
 Don't tell your friends and neighbours,
 What you know to be untrue :
 But do the same to others
 As you'd have them do to you.

I think if poor Aunt Violet
 Knew your deceitful way,
 She never again would vex you
 By coming to spend the day.
 Try to be pleasant and courteous,
 And respectful and kind to all :
 But don't lie for the sake of politeness,
 And say the sin is small.

The tangled Skein.

Carrie, a tangled skein of yarn
 Was trying to wind one day :
 And finding her efforts were all in vain
 She was heard to impatiently say,—
 “I never can wind this tiresome skein
 ’Tis of no use to try,
 For I only make it worse, I know,
 So here I’ll let it lie.”

Then aunt Mary arose with a pleasant smile
 And said, “Come Carrie my dear,
 If you’ll give that skein to me, I think
 Its tangles I soon can clear.”
 Carrie looked pleased, and putting the skein
 In her kind aunt’s skilful hands,
 She said to herself, this puzzling task
 Aunt Mary I know understands.

Then hopefully taking her station where
 Each movement she could view,
 She saw her aunt complete the work
 She had tried in vain to do.
 “I thank you very much,” she said,
 “For giving this help to me,
 I could never have finished the weary task,
 How clever dear aunt you must be.”

Said aunt Mary, “Your heart is like the skein
 That troubled your thoughts so long ;
 No order or beauty can dwell within,
 For darling, each part is wrong.
 It is a rough, disordered mass,
 Though hidden from mortal sight ;
 And naught but the touch of a skilful hand
 Dear Carrie, can make it right.

You can never accomplish the work yourself,
 Such efforts will prove in vain ;
 And you'll find it to be a more hopeless task
 Than the wearisome, tangled skein.
 But put yourself now in God's hands, my child,
 As you put the skein in mine ;
 And He will remove your guilt and sin,
 By the power of His grace divine.

And His wise and skilful touch will cause
 Confusion to flee afar ;
 And you can be useful then Carrie my dear
 In the field where His labourers are."
 "I thank you," said Carrie, "my own dearest aunt
 For making my duty so plain,
 A useful lesson I've learned to-day
 From that tiresome, tangled skein."

The Wounded Soldier's Letter.

I've been wounded, mother dearest,
 In the battle's fearful strife ;
 Brave comrades have fallen around me,
 Still the Lord has spared my life.
 But to-day I'm weak and lanquid,
 Worn with restlessness and pain ;
 And my heart is vainly longing
 For your loving face again.
 If I could but have you near me,
 With your tender loving smile,
 It would cheer my weary spirit
 And my lonely hours beguile.

I've been looking back, dear mother,
 To the years I spent with you ;
 In the old familiar homestead,
 'Ere life's trials rose to view.
 Lying here in pain and weakness,

Memory brings before me now,
 Disobedient acts that often
 Brought a shadow to your brow.
 Ah, I know I caused you sorrow,
 In those days, as well as joy,
 But I now regret my folly
 Mother dear, forgive your boy.

I am lying,—precious mother,
 Pining in a distant land,
 For your voice so full of music,
 And your skilful soothing hand.
 But although your gentle presence
 Is denied me in my need :
 My heart tells me, best of mothers,
 For the wanderer you still plead—
 Yes I know you're meekly kneeling
 In your closet day by day
 Praying that God will lead me
 In the strait and narrow way.

I have felt this, mother dearest,
 In the midst of the battle's din :
 But I've always tried to silence
 The true monitor within ;
 I have tried my best to banish
 Serious thoughts from mind and heart,
 But I've found it useless, mother,
 They would never all depart.
 Now reduced by pain and suffering
 To the borders of the grave,
 Dare I seek the slighted Saviour ?
 Dare I ask Him now to save ?

Yes, I think I may, dear mother,—
 In the happy days gone by
 You taught me it was for sinners
 Jesus came to bleed and die.

In the book I read so often
 When a child beside your knee,
 Were sweet messages of mercy,
 Is there not then hope for me ?
 I will seek for peace and pardon
 Like the Publican of old,
 Lord, be merciful I pray thee,
 Gather me within thy fold.

God of my dear praying mother,
 Take away my guilt and sin :
 For the sake of Christ I pray thee,
 Give me rest and peace within.
 Earth can charm my soul no longer,
 O how vain it now appears,
 Like a shadow o'er my spirit
 Rises all my wasted years.
 When I think of my transgressions,
 I am filled with grief and shame ;
 Lord, forgive a wounded soldier,
 For he comes in Jesus' name.

The Christian's Deathbed.

On his dying bed a sufferer lay,
 At the close of a lovely summer day ;
 But he felt his heavenly Friend was near,
 And his faith in Him was firm and clear ;
 And joy shone out from his fading eye
 When he saw his hour had come to die.
 "I'm going," said he, "to the land of light,
 I'm going to Heaven where all is bright."

"The river of death is cold and deep,
 But dearest friends you must not weep ;
 For soon with Christ I shall abide,
 In my sweet home beyond the tide.

I see a beautiful shining band,
 On the river's banks I see them stand,
 I'll join them 'ere the morning light,
 I'm going to Heaven where all is bright.

The evening hour is stealing on,
 The charm of the sunny day is gone :
 'Tis sweet to think in this fading light,
 That in Heaven above there'll be no night.
 'Tis a solemn thing for my soul to stand
 So near the verge of the sinless land !
 This world is fading from my sight
 I'm going to Heaven where all is bright.

As I now look back at the faded years,
 How vain and sinful my life appears :
 My feet have been often prone to stray
 Out of the straight and narrow way ;
 I have no righteousness of my own,
 In the blood of Christ I trust alone.
 Soon I shall be with Him, clothed in white,
 I'm going to Heaven where all is bright.

The dew of death is on my brow,—
 This world is nothing to me now ;
 It cannot cheer my failing heart,
 But I possess a better part.
 What should I do in an hour like this,
 Had I no hope of future bliss ?
 The tempter now cannot affright
 I'm going to Heaven where all is bright.

I long to go to that happy place,
 That I may see my Saviour's face :
 Though many beautiful things are told
 Of the gates of pearl and the streets of gold,
 It is a sweeter thought to me,
 That there my Saviour I shall see ;
 I hope to have that joy to night,
 I'm going to Heaven where all is bright.

No pain can enter the world above,
 No sin can cloud the joy of love ;
 I'm going to join the bloodwashed throng,
 And sing with them their happy song ;
 I've almost done with this world of strife,
 Soon I shall begin the endless life ;
 I'm passing away from mortal sight,
 I'm going to Heaven where all is bright.

Yonder a shining form I see,—
 I know it is Jesus coming for me,—
 I hear Him calling my soul away,
 So here I can no longer stay.
 My cares and sorrows all are o'er,
 I've almost reached the other shore ;
 The gates of the city are now in sight,
 I'm going to Heaven,—Good-night, Good-night.

Saturday Night.

'Tis Saturday night again,
 Another week is gone ;
 Only a few more hours and then,
 We'll hail the Sabbath morn,
 To his dear home the laborer goes,
 To seek refreshment and repose.

His wife a smiling welcome gives,
 His children shout with glee,
 He's had a week of toil and care
 But feels to-night, he's free !
 He labors hard from day to day,
 And often gets but scanty pay.

To-night he talks the matter o'er
 With those he loves the best ;
 With many a plan for future time
 He thinks he'll surely test.

And then in silent thought he sits,
And languor and fatigue forgets.

The mother calls her little ones,
And soon in accents sweet,
Their lessons for the Sabbath School,
They each in turn repeat.
She blames the idler's careless ways
But gives to the industrious praise.

Her mending basket next she takes,
Worn garments to repair ;
And as she looks them o'er she finds,
That many a rent is there ;
For hours she sits and darns, and mends,
While her full heart to God ascends.

She asks that her dear ones may be
Protected, clothed, and fed :
And that they all Christ's love may seek
While life's rough path they tread.
Her joy revives, her hopes increase,
God's spirit fills her heart with peace.

Yes, Saturday night has come,—
Forerunner of Sabbath rest ;
And to none of earth's poor toiling ones
Can it be an unwelcome guest.
A time of quiet thought it brings,
And o'er the week a mantle flings.

'Tis a solemn thing to reflect
That another week is gone ;
How did we use its golden hours
As they passed us one by one ?
Did we strive to live for God each day,
O what does truthful conscience say ?

Have we been nearer drawn to Him
 From whom all blessings flow ?
 Have we more faith and love to-night
 Than we had a week ago ?
 Have we tried our fellowmen to aid
 Have duties' calls all been obeyed ?

Alas ! with sorrow we confess,
 There's much we have left undone !
 Forgive us, O gracious God, we pray,
 For the sake of Thy dear Son.
 Guide our poor wandering feet aright,
 Lord, grant the petitions we ask to-night.

A Christmas Song.

'The changeful autumn now is o'er,
 The wintry days appear ;
 Again the Christmas time returns
 The sons of men to cheer.
 I've not the priceless gift of health,
 To make this season sweet,
 Like those who pass my humble home
 With eager, joyful feet.
 I cannot leave my quiet room,
 To join the merry throng,
 But still to others I can give
 A cheerful Christmas song.

Our Saviour Jesus Christ the Lord
 Was once in Bethlehem born ;
 And wise men came to worship Him
 By faith and gladness drawn.
 In the east they saw a beaming star,
 That led them to His side ;
 No doubt the memory of that hour
 Did with them long abide.

The shepherds too, this wonder saw,
 And heard a Heavenly throng
 Aloud with joy and rapture sing,
 Their first sweet Christmas song.

"Glory to God in the highest,"
 The happy angels sung,
 "Peace on earth good will to men"—
 Sweet words for old and young.
 No wonder that the few who heard
 Were filled with such surprise,
 For ne'er before were words like these,
 Sung from the radiant skies.
 Louder and still louder
 The strains were borne along,
 How charming must have been the sound
 Of that first Christmas song.

Within a manger, wondrous thought!
 The Son of God was laid;
 No costly cradle held His form,
 By skilful fingers made:
 The proud and haughty Jews despised
 The Saviour's humble birth;
 They thought with pomp He'd surely come
 To dwell upon the earth.
 Far different were His purposes,
 The Jews were in the wrong.
 And what He did for us I'll tell
 Now in my Christmas song.

He spent His life in doing good,
 Then for our sins He died;
 And now He sits upon the throne
 Close by His Father's side.
 And now by faith we come to God,
 And our requests can make,
 And as He looks on His dear Son
 He grants them for His sake.

O may he cleanse our hearts from sin
 And take away what's wrong;
 And then with joy we each can sing
 The angels' Christmas song.

How wonderful the love that brought,
 The Saviour down to die;
 He looked upon us in our sins
 With tender, pitying eye.
 O let us closer cling to Him,
 And seek His will to do,
 Till all our days on earth are o'er
 And His sweet face we view;
 He ne'er forgets His children dear
 But leads them each along,
 O may He now from Heaven look down
 And bless my Christmas song.

Grandmother's Thoughts.

What is dear grandmother thinking about?
 She heeds not the children's merry shout;
 Her knitting neglected before her lies:
 While joy shines out from her aged eyes,
 As she sits with folded hands.

Her face is wrinkled, her hair is gray,
 The days of her youth have passed away;
 This world cannot now her heart delight,
 Then what is she thinking about to-night?
 What causes that happy look?

We can guess the things she is pondering o'er,
 We think she has talked of them all before,
 Her thoughts are fixed on the Saviour's love,
 And the place He's preparing for her above
 So glorious, sweet, and fair.

Grandmother is one of God's children dear,
 She feels that He is always near ;
 Beneath the shadow of His wing,
 With joyful trust her soul can sing,
 Its sweet and happy song.

She sought the Lord in her early years,
 And now as wintry age appears,
 She closer clings to the loving hand
 That is leading her home to the better land,
 She longs so much to see.

She knows it cannot be very long,
 Before she joins the Heavenly throng ;
 She says she has done with earth's vain things,
 And hears the rustle of angels' wings,
 And feels that her end is near.

Grandma is rich in faith and love,
 Her treasures are all laid up above :
 Tho' worldly wealth has not been given,
 There's something better for her in Heaven,
 This comforts her waiting heart.

When Grandma has gone to that happy place,
 We shall often long for her pleasant face ;
 We shall miss her then from her easy chair,
 For many years we have seen her there
 Knitting and thinking together.

She is very dear to our loving hearts,
 And we shall be lonely when she departs ;
 But we would not keep her from her rest,
 Nor murmur at what the Lord thinks best,
 For we know His ways are right.

We'll try to make Grandma's feeble days
 Happy, while here with us she stays,
 We'll sing the hymns that to her are dear,
 And read the sweet words she loves to hear
 From God's own holy word.

The angel of death will come to all,
 And by and by for us he'll call,
 O may we be just as pure in heart
 As grandma is,—when we depart,—
 From this world of toil and care.

Taste not the Wine.

Taste not the wine so bright and fair,
 'Twill lead to misery and despair ;
 You will be often urged to take,
 A social glass for friendship's sake.
 But, always firmly answer, " No,"
 If you would escape the drunkard's woe.

O do not for one moment think,
 That you a little can safely drink ;
 Others have thought the same, my friend,
 And come at last to a fearful end ;
 Say not in the pride of your heart to-day,
 That you will never go astray.

All human strength is poor and weak,
 The help of the Lord you must humbly seek ;
 For you can never in safety stand ;
 Unless upheld by His powerful hand.
 Ask Him to save you from the snare
 Of the rosy wine so bright and fair.

Then rise with purpose firm and true,
 And see what you can find to do ;
 The temperance workers need you, friend,
 O will you not assistance lend,
 They're doing a great and noble work,
 O do not then your duty shirk.

Go take your station in the field,
 And see what influence you can wield :
 Intemperance is a dreadful foe,
 Then labour hard to bring it low.
 "Wine is a mocker," though so fair ;
 Misery and woe are lurking there.

"Strong drink is raging," painful thought !
 For many are by it to ruin brought ;
 O sad indeed it is to know
 That there are those who fall so low ;
 Once young and innocent, bright and fair,
 And now on the road to dark despair !

May He whose power alone can save,
 Break off the chains from each fettered slave ;
 The temperance cause is a noble one,
 And we know a great deal has been done
 To rescue souls from ruin's brink,
 Under the dreadful power of drink.

But there is a great deal more to do,
 My friend ? there is plenty of work for you :
 I know the noble temperance cause,
 Its pledges, societies, rules, and laws ;
 Its sustainers are sure to win success,
 For God their efforts will own and bless.

I cannot labour with the strong,
 I've been a feeble sufferer long ;
 But still to temperance I'm a friend,
 And so abroad these lines I send,
 With many a wish, and many a prayer,
 That they the blessing of God might share.

Lines to Mrs. D.

I am thinking alone in the moonlight,
Dear friend, I am thinking of thee ;
Many miles are now lying between us,
And thy face I am longing to see.

The joy of thy presence has lightened
Many trials for me in the past ;
And now as I think of thy absence,
My spirit with grief is o'ercast.

As I sit here alone in the stillness,
Old memories come back in a throng ;
My desire is intense as I ponder.
To hear thy sweet voice in a song.

If the wings of a dove could be lent me,
I would fly to thy side with delight ;
I need thy kind words of affection,
For I'm lonely and weary to night.

We have parted, dear friend, and I know not
If on earth we shall e'er meet again :
But I trust we shall meet in that City
Where there is no sorrow nor pain.

More weary I get with life's journey,
As the friends that I love leave my side ;
But I have the thought to sustain me,
The Lord is my Shepherd and Guide.

Dear sister, tho' oft here with trials
Our hearts may be grieved and oppressed ;
We'll be free from our burdens and sorrows
When we reach the bright City of rest.

We will gaze on the face of the Saviour,
 His presence and love we shall share :
 Thy voice has been here full of music,
 But more sweet will thy song be up there.

Should *I* be the first one to enter,
 The home of the blest and the free ;
 I'll come oft to the gate of the City,
 To watch, my dear sister, for thee.

But we cannot tell what's in the future,
 Thou may'st be the first one to go ;
 And I may be left a while longer
 To languish and suffer below.

But I'll leave it all to our Father,
 And my rest by and by will be sweet,
 And with joy I shall leave the rough pathway.
 I have trodden with such weary feet.

Lines on the Rev. J. A. D.

May our God ever graciously give you
 The best gifts He has to bestow ;
 I would not ask less for you, brother,
 And I cannot ask more while below.

Sometimes when I'm quietly musing,
 The past, with its pleasures, seems near ;
 And your speaking face rises before me,
 And the tones of your voice I can hear.

How often your visits have cheered me,
 When oppressed with life's trials and cares,
 And soothing indeed to my spirit
 Were your earnest and soul-stirring prayers.

And often you came in and told me
 That Zion was prospering, dear brother ;
 That sinners were seeking the Saviour,
 And saints had more love for each other.

Such news ever filled me with gladness,
 As in my great weakness I lay ;
 On my wearisome couch of affliction,
 Through the long hours of each tedious day.

The kindness and sympathy, brother,
 With which your warm heart did o'erflow ;
 With gratitude I shall remember,
 As long as I dwell here below.

And when we both reach the bright City,
 And the bliss of the glorified share,
 How glad I shall be to behold you
 Released from all sickness and care.

O, fear not, the Master is with you,
 His love is your portion each day ;
 He never will leave nor forsake you,
 Press on then your Heavenward way.

Lines to the Rev. & Mrs. J. B.

Dear friends, of your kindness I sing,
 And my heart's warmest thanks I would bring ;
 May the God that we worship and love,
 Send you each His best gifts from above :
 All blessings are His to bestow,
 'Tis a comfort their sweet truth to know.

Your kind acts I love to recall,
 In my heart I have treasured them all ;
 How often in days that have fled,
 By true christian sympathy led,

You came with some books, or some flowers,
To brighten my wearisome hours.

And brother, your smile was so bright,
'Twas refreshing to my weary sight ;
And kindly you cheered me along
When I soared to the regions of song,
Such sympathy ever was sweet ;
And again, my best thanks I repeat.

That those days are all past I regret,
Their brightness I n'er can forget,
But we each one are treading the way,
That leads to the City of day.
Our hopes and desires are the same
For we trust in the Saviour's great Name.

And when our days here are all o'er,
We shall meet on the Heavenly shore,
There the Saviour's sweet face we shall see,
What a joy to our hearts it will be.
O the walls of the city will ring
With the anthems of praise we shall sing.

No sorrow will mix with our joy,
And the tempter no more can annoy ;
We'll be free from our burden of sin,
And when that sweet life we begin,
How small will each trial appear
That we've met with while sojourning here.

Dear sister, this thought gives a joy,
That naught in this world can destroy.
Dear brother, in Christ we abide ;
And our steps He will tenderly guide,
Safe to the end of the way,
To the Mansions of unending day.

A Talk with the Children.

Come Charley, and Tommy, and Lilly,
 And Bertha, and little Nell ;
 Come all and gather around me
 And a story that's true I'll tell.
 I'm but a poor invalid, darlings,
 Yet perchance the words I may say
 May be by you all remembered,
 When I shall have passed away.

The story that I shall tell you
 Had always a charm for me,
 'Tis about the disciples of Jesus,
 And what happened them once on the sea.
 They were out in their ship, when a tempest
 Sudden and violent arose,
 Causing the waves to awaken
 From their calm and sweet repose.

Though Jesus was there, dear children,
 He lay on a pillow asleep ;
 While the little ship tossed wildly
 About on the foaming deep.
 The disciples looked at their Master
 And some hope they began to cherish,
 So they awoke Him earnestly, crying,
 " Lord save us or we perish."

" O ye of little faith,
 Why are ye so fearful," said He,
 Then arose and rebuked the tempest
 And the waves of the restless sea.
 The disciples feared no longer,
 They felt they were safe from harm,
 For the tempest ceased in a moment,
 And there was a perfect calm.

"What manner of man is this,"
 In wonder and joy, said they,
 "That even the winds and the sea
 Hear His commands and obey?"
 As the disciples looked on Jesus,
 In the hush of that solemn hour,
 They were filled with awe and wonder
 At this display of His power.

You are merry and gay now, children,
 And your trials are few and small;
 But if you live to be older,
 Life's storms around you will fall.
 Then go to the Saviour, children,
 No other hope you must cherish
 But do as did once the disciples,
 Cry earnestly, "Save or we perish."

And He who once stilled the tempest,
 And made the wild winds to cease;
 Will give to each heart that is troubled,
 Rich treasures of joy and peace.
 Begin in your early childhood,
 To call on His holy name;
 He once blessed the little children,
 And His love for them still is the same.

Though now He reigns in His glory,
 In the City beyond the sun;
 The little ones still He remembers,
 And is ready to bless each one.
 I can talk no more at the present,
 The sun is quite low in the west,
 I feel very weary, dear children
 Run home now and leave me to rest.

The Saviour's Promises.

When I'm weary and faint with the burden,
 Of the cross I am bearing each day :
 By faith I draw near to the Saviour
 And hear His voice tenderly say :—

“ O fear not I always am with thee,
 This thought should thy courage increase ;
 In the world thou shalt have tribulation,
 But in me thou shalt ever have peace.

Though this life is so constantly changing,
 Remember I'm always the same,
 And I'm ready to give my dear children,
 Whatsoever they ask in my name.

I feel all thy trials and conflicts,
 I see every sorrowful tear,
 I know well how dark is the pathway
 That I have appointed thee here.

Although what I do thou knowest not now,
 And mysterious it seems unto thee ;
 Hereafter the veil will be taken away,
 And then my designs thou shalt see.

O be not afraid, for in Heaven
 Are mansions all glorious and fair :
 And when thou hast finished life's journey,
 I'll come and receive thee up there.”

Dear Saviour, I'll trust thee forever,
 I know thou art faithful and true ;
 Had I not this sweet thought to sustain me,
 O what would my weary heart do ?

I come to thee now in my weakness,
 The pathway looks dreary and wild ;
 My spirit is fainting within me,
 O strengthen thy poor weary child.

Thy love is the tower of protection,
 To which in my troubles I flee ;
 When I think of thy mercy and goodness,
 My heart clings more closely to thee.

O let me have more of thy presence,
 My Saviour my Shepherd and guide ;
 I'm sinful and weak and unholy,
 But thou to redeem me hast died.

Consolation for the Bereaved.

Are you grieving the departure
 Of fondly cherished friends ?
 And wondering in your lonely hours,
 Why God such sorrow sends ?
 Does your heart sometimes feel ready
 To break beneath its load,
 As day by day with weary feet
 You tread life's rugged road ?

And do you wonder as you see,
 Your earthly hopes decay ?
 Why some still have the friends they love,
 While yours were called away ?
 And do you feel those precious ones
 Are hidden from your view ;
 And as your work for them is o'er
 You've nothing now to do ?

Look up, O tried, afflicted soul,
 It was your Father's hand
 That took away those cherished ones
 From your dear household band.

If in the book of life above,
 Your name has been enrolled,
 Though in the furnace you are tried,
 You shall come forth as gold.

Doubt not your Heavenly Father's love,
 Nor let your faith grow dim ;
 Your treasures He removed that you
 Might closer cling to Him.
 He does not willingly afflict,
 O no, 'tis all in love,
 And He'll explain life's mysteries
 When you reach your home above

'Twas hard to part with those you loved,
 And weep you surely may,
 For " Jesus wept " o'er Lazarus once,
 As in the grave he lay.
 But do not murmur or repine,
 Nor at your lot rebel ;
 For He who gave the wound you feel,
 You know does all things well.

Although from fondly cherished friends,
 Your heart has been bereft ;
 Still strive each day to labour on
 For those who still are left.
 Yes, strive to help and comfort all
 While in this world below ;
 And as you thus God's will obey
 Your heart will lighter grow.

If your departed friends received
 The Saviour's pardoning grace ;
 They're now before the throne above
 Beholding His sweet face.
 They sing a glad triumphant song,
 Unmixed with grief or pain,
 You surely cannot wish them back,
 To suffer here again.

They're waiting now to welcome you,
 And when this life shall end,
 You'll meet them all, and perfect joy
 Will on your soul descend.
 God's dealings then you'll understand,
 And thank Him for the way
 He took to bring your wandering feet
 To the land of endless day.

Sowing and Reaping.

Thou art sowing, O servant of Jesus,
 The precious gospel seeds :
 Though often growth is hindered,
 By rank and troublesome weeds.
 Thou labourest not on the highways,
 That thou may'st gather fame ;
 Thou seekest to glorify only,
 The Saviour's precious name.

But thy heart is sad as thou lookest
 On souls in their sins asleep :
 Thou art willing to sow for a season,
 But oft thou desirest to reap.
 But the Master does not forget thee,
 He looks from His throne above :
 And tenderly smiles with approval
 On thy work of faith and love.

The precious seeds thou art sowing,
 Can not be all destroyed ;
 For the word of the Lord shall never
 Return again to Him void.
 But it shall accomplish the purpose
 Whereunto it has been sent ;
 This promise is sweet and consoling,
 And should make thy soul content.

Thou dost not know at present
 How many hearts are stirred,
 By the precious gospelmesssage
 Their ears have so often heard.
 It may, like bread on the waters,
 After many days be found ;
 Then labour with faith and patience,
 And scatter God's truth around.

The sower is dear to the Master,
 Though often unable to reap,
 And at times oppressed with sadness,
 He may turn aside and weep ;
 Because the results of his labours,
 Are not to his vision plain,
 And he fears that his earnest efforts
 Have only been made in vain.

But look up ! O servant of Jesus,
 For the fields are whitening fast,
 Thou wilt surely reap a harvest
 Of precious souls at last :
 Then sow the seeds of the gospel,
 More hopefully here and there,
 The Saviour accepts thy service,
 And His blessing thou shalt share.

When all thy work is finished,
 And thy race on earth is run ;
 Then thou wilt hear Him saying
 In loving tones—" Well done."
 Those things that here have tried thee
 Will then seem very small,
 And thou wilt discover how wisely
 Thy God has ordered all.

To a Sin-burdened Soul.

"Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

"Though your sins be as scarlet," O sorrowful one,
If you will but rely on what Jesus has done,
"They shall be white as snow," and the spirit of
peace,
Will dwell in your soul, and your anguish will
cease.

For you the kind Saviour has suffered and died,
Then cling with contrition and faith to His side ;
"Though your sins be as scarlet,"—O wonderful
thought !

The robe of salvation for you has been bought.

You have tried in the world consolation to find,
But its pleasures have given no peace to your mind ;
God's Spirit has called you through many a year,
But to His sweet pleadings you've turned a deaf ear.

He might justly have left you to stumble and fall,
But no : He has followed you kindly through all,
And still He is ready His grace to bestow,
And says that your sins, "shall be white as the
snow."

He asks for your heart, do not longer refuse,
Two paths lie before you, the narrow one choose ;
O wander no more in the darkness of night,
When God is so ready to give you the light.

Come bow at the feet of the Saviour in prayer,
Confess your transgressions, and do not despair ;
Your petitions will rise to His bright throne above,
And He'll fold you within the kind arms of His
love,

He comes to you now, His salvation to bring,
 What great condescension in Heaven's blest King !
 But though you are sinful and weak and defiled,
 He is ready to give you the place of a child,

He never once turned a poor sinner away,
 Then why are you fearful ? why longer delay ?
 With praise to the Lord your full heart should
 o'erflow,
 For He says that " your sins shall be whiter than
 snow."

Thoughts at Twilight.

I thank my Heavenly Father,
 For all His gifts to me :
 Each day of my life more clearly
 His goodness I can see.
 But 'mid all the earthly blessings,
 That from time to time He sends,
 There's none to my heart more precious,
 Than the love of christian friends.

Some in my room can gather,
 But others are far away ;
 Yet the same kind Heavenly Father,
 Is with them every day.
 When I ask a blessing on them,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 I feel that they 're often asking,
 For me the very same.

My heart goes off on a journey,
 Through many a weary day ;
 And gathers up the dear ones,
 Who have gone so far away.

And I oft look longingly forward,
 To that happy, joyful time,
 When all God's people will gather,
 In Heaven from every clime.

Had we no hope of meeting,
 In that world so bright and fair :
 The partings on earth that grieve us,
 Would be more than we could bear.
 Many things are happening daily,
 That we cannot understand :
 But our God will clearly explain them,
 When we get to the better land.

We must pray, and wait with patience,
 And trust the Lord for the rest ;
 For we know that He loves us always,
 And will give us what is best.
 We are safe in His holy keeping,
 And have no cause to fear,
 Clouds may often gather around us,
 But the sun will again appear.

Visit to the Throne of Grace.

Thy blessing gracious Saviour,
 I humbly crave to-day ;
 And Oh ! I know thou wilt not turn,
 Thy needy child away.
 In Thy word, Lord, thou hast told me,
 If I ask I shall receive,
 This gives me hope and comfort,
 For Thy promise I believe.

Forgive my sins and follies,
 And make the tempter flee,
 And draw my heart more closely,
 My loving Lord, to Thee.

Thou art my only Refuge,
 My Saviour and my King,
 And to Thee my cares and sorrows,
 And my daily wants I bring.

Oh make my heart more holy,
 Stamp Thine own image there;
 Increase my faith, and give me
 More grace my cross to bear;
 Thou hast died for me, dear Saviour,
 In Thy blood I trust alone,
 With this plea in humble boldness,
 I approach Thy mercy-throne.

When earth seems dark, Thy presence,
 My weary spirit charms,
 And I find a peaceful shelter
 Within Thy loving arms.
 I know Thou ne'er wilt leave me,
 My soul can rest secure,
 For Thy love is everlasting,
 And Thy promises are sure.

When I reach the Heavenly City,
 I shall see Thy glorious face:
 And thank and praise Thee ever
 For the wonders of Thy grace;
 I know a cold, dark river,
 Lies between that land and me:
 But I do not fear to cross it,
 For Thou my Guide wilt be.

I long to go, dear Saviour,
 My soul is sick of sin;
 And when I think of Heaven
 I long to enter in.
 For I know in that bright City,
 I shall be for ever free,
 From each sinful thought and feeling,
 That now draws my heart from Thee.

I trust I've learned a little
 Of Thy love while here below,
 But when I get to heaven,
 How much more I then shall know !
 I hope to go on learning,
 Through eternity's bright days,
 And with each new revelation
 I shall sing fresh songs of praise.

The Call of the Master.

"Son go work to day in my vineyard."

The Master is calling you, christian,
 Are you ready His voice to obey ?
 He says in tones sweet, yet emphatic,
 "Son, go work in my vineyard to-day."
 There are souls with no hope in his mercy,
 Who are wandering in folly and sin,
 Outside of the fold they will perish,
 Go christian, and gather them in.

The tempter is zealously trying,
 To keep these poor souls at his side,
 O strive then with earnest heart, christian,
 Their steps to the Saviour to guide.
 And then there are some of God's children,
 Weighed down 'neath a burden of care,
 Go often, and sympathize with them,
 And seek all their sorrows to share.

If any around you are needy,
 Be ready to give them your aid ;
 Never shrink from a duty to others,
 That God on you plainly has laid.
 If you have but the cup of cold water,
 To offer,—'Twill meet its reward ;
 If your motive is pure when you give it,
 You will gain the sweet smile of your Lord,

Be oft at the prayer-meeting, christian,
 Neglect not this sweet means of grace ;
 O never let trifles prevent you,
 But always be found in your place.
 Let your voice, too, be heard with your brethren
 In the accents of love, praise, and prayer :
 They need all the help you can give them
 Then be not an idler there.

In the Sabbath School labour with patience,
 And strive to impart to the youth,
 Week by week as they gather around you,
 Some lesson from God's holy truth.
 And faint not, O christian, if often,
 Your labour for them seems in vain ;
 The Master has sent you to teach them,—
 Toil on then, and do not complain.

There is plenty of work in the vineyard,
 You can always find something to do ;
 God wants earnest workers, remember,
 Fellow christian, He's calling for you.
 Will you heed the command that He gives you ?
 Are you ready His voice to obey ?
 He says in tones sweet, yet emphatic
 "Son, go work in my vineyard to-day."

The home of my Childhood.

My childhood's home, I see it yet,
 The place I never can forget ;
 How clearly memory now recalls
 The ample hearth and whitened walls :
 I see each shelf and cupboard there,
 And every table, chest, and chair.

And then the aged friend so dear,
 To whom I told each childish fear ;

I seem to see before me now,
 Her mild blue eyes, and thoughtful brow,
 Her stooping form, her silvery hair,
 And the snowy cap she used to wear.

She has a happy home to-day,
 Where every tear is wiped away ;
 And when I leave this world of care,
 I hope with joy to meet her there.
 And now I'll try to paint once more,
 Another scene from memory's store.

I seem to see again to-day,
 The fields in which I used to play,
 The fair and fragrant roses too,
 That 'neath our kitchen window grew ;
 The placid cove, the cherry tree,
 And rocks that I have climbed with glee.

But sadly changed is now the place,
 And no resemblance could I trace ;
 To my old home so sweet and fair,
 If I should now be carried there ;
 But in earth's weary changing land
 Decay is seen on every hand.

Still this sweet thought my heart sustains,
 My home in Heaven still remains ;
 And one is there who died for me,
 Whose face I hope one day to see ;
 He whispers oft—"Do not repine,
 For I've redeemed thee, thou art mine."

Far different now this world appears
 To me, since childhood's merry years ;
 The health and strength I then enjoyed,
 Disease has withered and destroyed,
 And God has called me to resign
 Full many a hope and plan of mine.

But then, He knows just what is best
 And in His love my soul can rest ;
 And when my days on earth are o'er,
 And I have reached the other shore,
 O then I know that I shall see
 More clearly still His love to me.

Lines to an Invalid.

Child of suffering, do not fear,
 To the Saviour thou art dear ;
 He's a faithful loving Guide,
 And will never leave thy side.
 Art thou weary ? suffering one,
 Wishing oft thy race was run ?
 Lean upon thy Saviour's breast,
 He will give thy spirit rest ;
 Freely tell Him every grief,
 He will give thee sweet relief.

He sees that it is best for thee
 A sufferer on the earth to be,
 He bade thee precious health resign,
 Because He knew t'would not refine
 The gold His eyes beheld within,
 Observed by all the dross of sin,
 He knew if trials brought thee low,
 That hope and love would stronger grow,
 Thy faith and patience would increase,
 And calm and sweet would be thy peace.

O sufferer, Jesus loves thee well,
 He died to save thy soul from hell ;
 There's naught can pluck thee from His hands,
 Fear not, thy hope securely stands.
 O never doubt this faithful Friend,
 For He will keep thee to the end ;

The Tempter often may annoy,
 But never can thy soul destroy ;
 Thy Saviour's promises are sure,
 This thought should make thee feel secure.

He has a home for thee on high,
 To which He'll take thee by and by ;
 Thou wilt be free from suffering there
 And sin and sorrow, fear and care.
 And thou wilt see thy Saviour's face,
 And thank Him for His wondrous grace ;
 Yes, thou wilt join the glorious song
 Of the rejoicing, ransomed throng ;
 Redeeming love will be the theme
 While joy from every face will beam.

Then wait with patience, day by day,
 Till thou art called from earth away ;
 Life's stormy waves may round thee roll,
 They cannot harm thy trusting soul.
 Cling closely to thy faithful Guide.
 And ever in His love abide,
 He'll make the artful tempter flee,
 His grace sufficient is for thee.
 O sweet indeed t'will be to spend
 Eternity with such a Friend.

Lines to a Little Girl on going to a New Home.

Dear little Maggie, you will soon,
 Be going far away ;
 And something new and strange you'll find
 To look at every day.

But you must not forget, my child,
 That Jesus from the skies,
 Will notice every thing you do,
 With His all-seeing eyes.

He loves the little ones ; and when
 This world was His abode,
 His blessing on them, Maggie dear,
 Was tenderly bestowed.

He's still the same my child, and if
 To please Him you will try,
 He'll bless you now and take you up
 To Heaven when you die.

I'll not forget you, Maggie dear,
 Oft in my lonely hours,
 I'll think about the little girl
 Who used to bring me flowers.

I hope that your new home will be,
 A place that you will love ;
 And that you'll have a happy life,
 And dwell at last above.

The Drunkard's Wife.

In a comfortless room a woman lay,
 Upon a lowly bed ;
 And as her thoughts reviewed the past,
 These words she feebly said :—
 “ This world's a cheerless place to me,
 I'm weary of its strife ;
 I have a heavy cross to bear,
 For I'm a drunkard's wife.

I once had many loving friends,
 And my heart was light and gay ;
 And like the birds in the early spring,
 I sang the hours away.
 I married a man beloved by all
 In the circles of social life ;
 And I little thought that the world one day,
 Would call me a drunkard's wife.

But my husband learned to sip the wine,
 And soon he loved it well ;
 He saw no danger in the cup,
 And by degrees he fell.
 He forgot his vows at the altar made,
 To cherish me through life ;
 And my grief was great when I saw at last,
 That I was a drunkard's wife.

O Father in Heaven ! look down in love,
 And comfort my heart to-day ;
 No other helper have I but Thee,
 Turn not thine ear away.
 Come take me soon, if it be thy will,
 To the joys of the Heavenly life ;
 O hear me I pray thee for Jesus' sake,
 Although I'm a drunkard's wife.

And Father in Heaven, my husband save
 From the curse of the sparkling wine ;
 O turn his steps from the paths of sin,
 By the power of Thy grace divine.
 And break the heavy chain that binds
 His heart to a sinful life,
 O Father in Heaven, in mercy hear
 The prayer of a drunkard's wife.

My earthly journey is almost o'er,
 I'm near to the gates of death ;
 But to Thee O Father, in faith and hope,
 I will resign my breath.
 Thou hast prepared a home for me,
 Beyond this mortal life ;
 And soon I hope to enter in,
 Although I'm a drunkard's wife."

She ceased, and her weary eyelids closed,
 And she peacefully sunk to sleep ;

And wakened no more in this world of care,
 To sorrow, or sigh, or weep.
 She had laid her heavy burden down,
 And entered the Heavenly life ;
 Yes, a rest that was perfect had come at last.
 To the heart of the drunkard's wife.

To a Backslider.

Poor wandering soul, thy feet, alas ! have turned
 aside,
 From wisdom's pleasant way, where thou didst once
 abide ;
 The enemy of souls has thy weak heart beguiled,
 And thou art now within a desert dark and wild.
 But though thou canst not there thy Father's hand
 discern,
 He loves thee still, O wanderer, return ! return !

Thou hast no comfort now, for all is dark within ;
 Unhappy is the soul that treads the path of sin.
 But thy Saviour's yearning arms to thee are open
 wide,
 He's waiting now to draw thee unto His loving side.
 Such love from Him should make thy soul within
 thee burn,
 He calls thee now, O wanderer, return ! return !

Though thou hast grieved His love He's ready to
 forgive,
 O leave the path of death and thy soul again shall
 live ;
 He will not chide thee but He'll fold thee in His arms,
 And safely He will shield thee from the tempter's
 rude alarms.
 He knows, poor weary soul, that thou dost feel
 concern ;
 He yearns for thee, O wanderer, return ! return !

O dost thou not remember the peaceful days of yore,
When thy happy soul on wings of faith and love
could soar ;

Thou wast so happy then that thou didst not believe,
That thou thy loving Saviour's side could ever leave.
But thou didst fall : a lesson of thy weakness learn,
There is no peace in sin, O wanderer, return ! return !

Go seek God's mercy-throne, in humble earnest
prayer,

Confess thy sins and tell thy heart's deep anguish
there ;

Thou needst not fear repulse, He will not turn away
A wandering child who grieves that he has gone
astray.

Fear not thy broken, contrite words He will not
spurn,

He loves thee still, O wanderer, return ! return !

Support in Affliction.

Jesus is my greatest treasure,
I am trusting in His name ;
Though this world is ever changing,
Jesus still remains the same.
He will keep me safe forever,
I am leaning on His breast,
In His love so sweet and boundless,
Day by day my soul can rest.

He will never let me perish,
I am safe within His arms ;
He is "altogether lovely,"
Words can ne'er describe His charms.
From the years of early childhood,
I have loved His precious name,
And though life has had its trials,
I have found His love the same.

Though the bloom of health has left me,
 And no more I roam abroad ;
 Still my soul can hold communion
 With my Saviour and my God.
 Though I'm seldom free from suffering,
 Still I feel that He knows best,
 What I need from Him to fit me
 For the mansions of the blest.

How I long to glorify Him,
 O that I may ne'er be found
 Standing useless in His vineyard
 As a cumberer of the ground.
 Could I be the means of leading,
 Any souls to His dear feet,
 I should praise His name for ever,
 For the privilege so sweet.

If a poor unworthy sinner,
 Like myself a song may raise,
 I will sing of God's great mercy,
 And the name of Jesus praise.
 And when life on earth is ended,
 And I reach my home above ;
 Joyful then will be the anthem,
 I shall raise to Him I love.

I will sing of free salvation ;
 Through His precious blood alone ;
 Nothing I could do would ever
 For my many sins atone.
 But I know what Christ once suffered,
 Satisfied the law's demands,
 And my sinful soul I've given
 Into His dear faithful hands.

Our Darling.

Our darling lives with Jesus,
 In a land where all is fair ;
 And we know she's safe and happy,
 And nothing can harm her there.

She has gone from our dear household,
 And our work for her is o'er ;
 We loved our treasure fondly,
 But the Saviour loved her more.

He took her from our embraces,
 In the height of her childish charms ;
 And she sweetly closed her eyelids,
 And sunk to sleep in His arms.

We hear not the song she is singing,
 In the home of the ransomed now ;
 And we see not the crown that sparkles,
 To-day on her pure white brow.

But we trusted once to Jesus,
 Our souls all sin defiled ;
 And we do not fear to trust Him
 Now with our darling child.

She is free from a world of sorrow,
 And sin and pain and care ;
 And our hearts are often longing,
 Her home of bliss to share.

We're missing daily and hourly,
 The sound of her pattering feet ;
 And the prattling words of gladness,
 That we used to think so sweet.

And the clinging arms, how often,
 Their warm embrace we miss,
 And the smile so sweet and winning,
 And the loving good night kiss.

But we hope again to meet her,
 In a happy and glorious place ;
 And we shall be filled with gladness,
 When again we behold her face.

We think since God removed her,
 From our home on this earthly shore ;
 That Heaven has seemed much dearer
 To our hearts, than it did before.

If we're nearer drawn to Jesus,
 By the sundering of earthly ties ;
 Then sweet is the cup of affliction
 Though we drink it with tear-dimmed eyes.

Then we'll not grieve too deeply,
 Because God called away
 The darling we loved so fondly,
 To the land of eternal day.

So we'll trust His love and wisdom,
 For He is a faithful Guide,
 And we know He'll never leave us,
 Whatever may betide.

Lines to a Sabbath School Teacher.

Dear Sabbath School teacher,
 This thought keep in view,
 The eye of the Master
 Is always on you ;
 Though often the children
 Who are under your care
 Are restless and rude,
 Still do not despair.

If you teach them each week,
 In true Christian love,
 God looks with approval
 On you from above.

Go seek in your closet
 The strength that you need,
 Ask Jesus to help you
 To sow the good seed ;
 Lay the case of each scholar
 Before Him in prayer,
 And tell Him each trial,
 Each fear, and each care.
 His ear will be open
 To hear what you say ;
 You've no reason to fear
 That He'll turn you away.

He has said in His word,
 They who ask shall receive ;
 So your prayer will be heard,
 If you only believe.
 Then go to the children
 In tenderest love,
 And talk to them sweetly
 Of Jesus above.
 In tones soft and gentle,
 With earnest heart, tell
 How He suffered and died
 To save them from Hell.

Although they have heard it
 So often before,
 If you're earnest and tender
 They'll listen once more.
 Tell them you love them
 And earnestly pray
 To your Father in Heaven
 For each one every day.

Tell them your spirit
 Will ne'er be content
 Till they turn to the Saviour,
 Believe, and repent.

The Master will listen
 And bless every word ;
 And the hearts of the children
 I know will be stirred.
 God's smile of approval
 Will fill you with joy,
 And those things will seem small
 That once used to annoy.
 Dear Sabbath School teacher,
 With Jesus so near,
 To strengthen and help you,
 Your heart need not fear.

Read to me from the Bible.

O read to me from the Bible,
 For I love each sacred word ;
 And I often feel when I hear it,
 That my soul to its depths is stirred.

Read of the sweet compassion,
 Of Him who reigns above ;
 'Twill brighten the weary moments,
 And strengthen my faith and love.

Read of the many mansions,
 The Saviour has gone to prepare
 For His dear waiting children,
 Whose treasures are laid up there.

Read to me slowly and softly,
 'Twill suit my weakness best ;
 And I wish to gather the meaning
 Of those words of peace and rest.

Read of the precious Saviour,
 Who gave His life that we
 Poor helpless fallen creatures,
 Might be from sin set free.

Then turn to the place that tells us
 That God wipes tears away,
 From the eyes of His dear children,
 In the land of eternal day.

Read too those parts that tell us,
 That we His face shall see,
 And all His servants shall serve Him,
 In the home of the happy and free.

Then close the sacred volume,
 And let me ponder it o'er ;
 For those truths so sweet and precious
 In my heart I wish to store.

They have given me hope and comfort,
 Through many a trying year
 Of weakness, pain, and suffering,
 And still to my heart they are dear.

A Prayer for God's Servants.

Dear Lord remember those,
 Who stand on Zion's walls ;
 And grant that sinners may
 Regard their earnest calls.

Sustain their hearts, I pray,
 Amid their work of love ;
 And send Thy Spirit down
 With blessings from above.

When sinners through Thy word,
Are led their state to see ;
The servant's hearts are filled
With gratitude to Thee.

But O, when Zion mourns,
They have many a trying hour ;
And earnestly they pray
For thy good Spirit's power.

O Lord, I pray thee give
To them a double share,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And lighten every care.

Let thy rich blessing, Lord,
Their daily steps attend ;
And when their work is o'er,
And life on earth shall end,

Then bear their ransomed souls
To their sweet home above ;
To sing the joyful song,
Of Christ's redeeming love.

A Prayer for a Revival.

" Wilt Thou not revive us again,
That Thy people may rejoice in thee ?"

Dear Lord, we come to thee to-day,
And with a longing heart we pray,
That Thy dear waiting people may,
Reviving mercy share.

O make their hearts rejoice in Thee,
Thy power and glory let them see,
May this a time of gladness be,
O gracious Lord, we pray.

Let love and union now increase,
 And envy, pride, and malice cease,
 And make us all to dwell in peace,
 As Thy dear children should.

May sinners humbly seek Thy face,
 And share the riches of Thy grace,
 O hear from Heaven thy dwelling place,
 Our heart's desires to-day.

Come now and let Thy Spirit's power
 Descend in a refreshing shower,
 O hear the breathings of this hour,
 Dear Lord, we humbly pray.

Thy Zion needs Thy Heavenly aid,
 And though Thy help may seem delayed,
 Still, Lord, we will not be afraid,
 For Thou wilt hear our prayer.

Longings.

I long to go to the mansions,
 In the sinless land above ;
 And gaze on the face of Jesus,
 And feast on His wondrous love.

I long to bow with the angels
 At His dear sacred feet,
 And praise Him for all His mercy,
 My joy would be then complete.

I long, O I long intensely,
 To be free from the power of sin ;
 I am grieving daily and hourly,
 Because it still dwells within.

I long to be free from suffering,
 Where "the inhabitants never say
 We are sick,"—in the beautiful city
 That lies at the end of the way.

I long to gaze on the faces
 Of those who have gone before,
 And my joy will be unbounded
 When I see them all once more.

I long to behold the beauties
 That are found in the Heavenly land
 And walk the streets of the city,
 With the white-robed angel band.

But my spirit is daily longing
 For Jesus the most of all ;
 Were He not in that beautiful city,
 It would have no charms at all.

He is the greatest attraction
 Of that sweet and delightful shore,
 His love is my portion forever,
 And I'll praise Him for evermore.

Little Eddie's Last Words.

The happy birds were singing
 Amid the leafy bowers,
 And the summer air was fragrant
 With many lovely flowers.

But in a humble cottage
 Dear little Eddie lay ;
 And the angel death was waiting
 To bear his soul away.

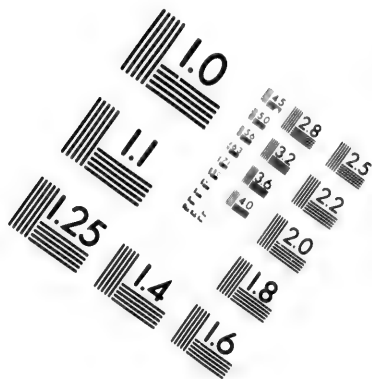
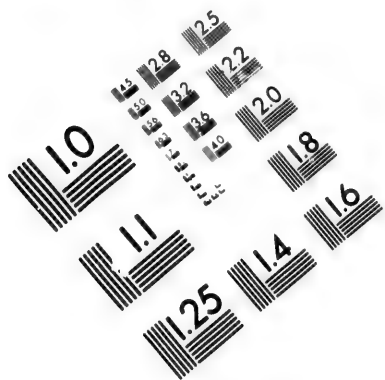
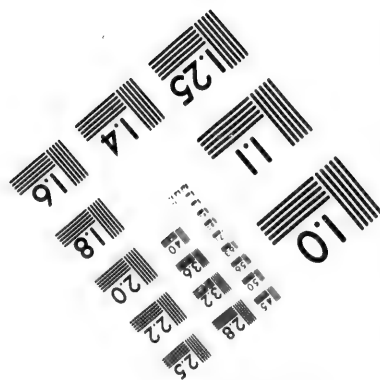
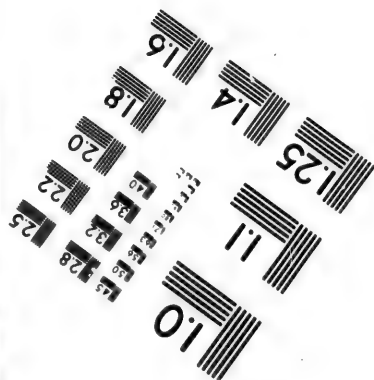
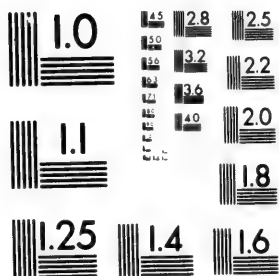


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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"O, father dear," he murmured,
 " My life is almost o'er,
 Promise me that you will never
 Taste one drop of liquor more.

It bears a curse upon it,
 And has caused our tears to flow,
 And has made home, O my father,
 A place of want and woe.

Poor mother's heart is breaking
 And sister Mary's too ;
 And both of them are praying.
 Every day I know for you.

And I too, dearest father ;
 Lying in this quiet room,
 Have prayed that God would save you
 From the drunkard's fearful doom.

I am going now to Jesus ;
 Soon I'll reach the Heavenly shore ;
 But before I go, dear father,
 Promise me you'll drink no more.

O shun the liquor, father,
 That has led your feet astray ;
 And seek the Saviour's mercy
 And He'll wash your sins away.

O say you will, dear father ;
 I must leave you soon I know ;
 O say you will, I pray you,
 Just once before I go."

"I will, my darling Eddie,"
 The father said with tears ;
 "When I think of all my wanderings,
 Great indeed my guilt appears."

He bowed his head in anguish ;
 But a smile of peace and joy
 Lit up with Heavenly beauty
 The face of the dying boy.

"God has heard my prayer," he whispered ;
 Then closed his weary eyes ;
 And the waiting angel carried
 His soul beyond the skies.

I'm Thinking of Jesus.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet."—Psalm civ. 34.

I'm thinking of Jesus my Saviour, to-day,
 The unchangeable Friend I love best ;
 And when weary and faint with the toils of the way,
 I lean on His bosom and rest.
 I know not what trials the future may bring,
 But my heart has no reason to fear ;
 I shall not be alone for my Heavenly King
 Has said He will always be near.
 The clouds and the shadows soon vanish away,
 When a glimpse of His face I can see,
 O I'm thinking of Jesus my Saviour to-day,
 And I know He is thinking of me.

I'm thinking of Jesus, but had He not thought
 Of me first in my folly and sin ;
 His pardoning mercy I ne'er should have sought
 And peace would have ne'er dwelt within.
 But ah ! He had thoughts of compassion and love,
 When He looked on my poor helpless state,
 That made Him stoop down from His bright throne
 To rescue my soul from its fate. [above
 How great was the mercy that opened a way
 To set poor imprisoned souls free !
 O I'm thinking of Jesus my Saviour to-day,
 And I'm sure He is thinking of me.

I'm thinking of Jesus—without Him I know
 At once I should stumble and fall :
 But now when disheartened and weary I grow
 For the help He has promised I call.
 I feel that my sins and my follies are great,
 Still He gives me the place of a child ;
 And one day I shall enter the beautiful gate,
 Arrayed in a robe undefiled.
 Then more deeply I'll feel what salvation is worth,
 And I think that more clearly I'll see
 That while I was thinking of Jesus on earth,
 He also was thinking of me.

I'm thinking of Jesus, and O when I stand
 On the happy and beautiful shore,
 With all the rejoicing and glorified band,
 I shall wish I had thought of Him more.
 I shall not regret then that in life's early days,
 I asked Him my weak steps to guide ;
 But I know I'll regret that so oft from His ways,
 My poor, foolish heart turned aside.
 He has borne with my follies for many a year,
 No friend is so patient as He ;
 O I'm thinking of Jesus, I know He is near,
 And always is thinking of me.

I'm thinking of Jesus, it brightens each hour,
 To think of my Saviour above ;
 And I know there is nothing can have any power
 To sever my soul from His love.
 I'll sing of His goodness as onward I go,
 'Twill lighten the cross that I bear ;
 And Jesus will never cast from Him I know,
 A song from a child of His care.
 I have many a trial on earth to endure,
 But soon from them all I'll be free ;
 I am thinking of Jesus, and O I am sure
 He'll never cease thinking of me.

